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The great cleanliness of the houses of the rich is very noticeable. The drainage from lavatories and kitchens runs down wide, square shafts into spaces destined for it in the lower floor, into which however, unfortunately, light penetrates so that they become good breeding places for flies. Bathrooms and also lavatories are partly fitted out as in the East Indies. Sometimes there are douches, and generally there are large brick cisterns for the bath water, which one scoops out to pour over oneself. Our host has a large refrigerator by means of which cold drinking-water is provided for the numerous guests and dwellers in the house, and fruits and sweetmeats become the refinement of pleasure.

Cooking in Terīm, as in Sēwūn, is very much influenced by Singapore and Java. Chinese cooks are responsible for the extensive rice meals that are enjoyed daily by dozens of guests. Many dried or tinned foods are imported from Java. Some kinds of vegetables are grown in the gardens of Terīm; the fresh fruits which are served at table are large oval melons and the first ripe dates. As the latter are rather scarce, last years' dates come to table prepared as paste, in cakes, sweet bread, etc.

Sayyid ʿUmar el-Kāf's house, like that of our host, is furnished in half-European style. Old-fashioned Indian rocking-chairs stand on the beautiful carpets. A bed, rigged up in the Javanese manner, decorates the great reception-room. The bed linen is not white, but pink. There are many mirrors on the walls and also photographs of the family's estates in the Indies. Sayyid ʿUmar is the owner of the great Europe Hotel in Singapore; he shows us with pride — and no wonder — the model of the new hotel, which makes an impression magnificently American. The walls are further decorated with Mausers and American repeating rifles, which are hard to obtain in this country and, consequently, are worth a great deal.

It had already struck us that the Kathīrī soldiers were better clad than those of the Qeʿēṭī. The number of pro-

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rock, in shape like a toadstool, and the whole caravan could find protection in its shade. The river was not far away and green bushes from which the camels might feed grew along its banks.

Our supply of dates and biscuits was beginning to run short. Our Bedouin companions were very frugal eaters: they had two meals a day, one during the afternoon rest and one at the night bivouac, when they baked a few underdone bread-cakes with a yellow flour of some sort. The taste of these was none too attractive and, what was worse, they lay heavy on the chest like an indigestible stone. Von Wissmann had always drunk the milk of our she-camel in the evening, but I had refused the drink, which had the penetrating odour of the animal's sweat. We were getting underfed and overexhausted. The inner tension and self-control demanded for the long negotiations and conversations at ʿAmd, in the Deyyin country, at Yebʿeth and Ṣidāra were beginning to take their revenge on my digestion. But we were obliged to go on and that day we marched till half past six in the evening and spent the night on a little plateau of rock among the granite mountains. During the day the Bedouins collect branches and dry shrubs and parched-up plants for the evening fire, on whose ashes they bake their bread and over which we make our tea. It is the best hour of the day; it brings us all together in a mood of good fellowship and of thankfulness for the completion of the day's hot and tiring journey. It was also the moment when our Bedouins smeared themselves carefully — arms, breast and neck — with *samn*. Their hair also was kept well greased. It struck us that the skin of our bodies, which perspired continuously and were seldom washed, felt stiff and grainy from the salt of evaporated perspiration. The Bedouins get rid of this unpleasant feeling by rubbing themselves with grease; moreover, the practice makes their skin more resistant against the sun's heat and the sudden coldness of the air in the evening. They told us that the skin became so pleasantly "moist" from the grease.